155
863
181

Comanche NO6
Hopi NT9
Navaho NT13
Kwoma OJ13
Alor OF5
Wogeo OJ27
Woleai OR21
Aymara SF5

[For comparative information on the relationship between toilet training and economic cooperation and competition, see 3: Cohen, SY1 Jamaica, Category 116, p. 422.]

261
853
155
181
106
862
863

Comanche NO6
Navaho NT13
Hopi NT9
Kwoma OJ13
Woleai OR21
Wogeo OJ27
Samoa OU8
Tikopia OT11
Bali OF7
Buka ON6
New Ireland OM10
Southeast Salish NR19
Alor OF5
Aymara SF5
Chagga FN4
Yakut RV2

[For comparative information on the relationship between early feeding experiences and economic cooperation and competition, see 3: Cohen, SY1 Jamaica, Category 116, p. 420.]

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

By the time the settlers moved in, the antelope had disappeared from the Comanche country, as well as the deer and turkey. As early as we arrived, I never saw a turkey. Some of the small black bear held out in the Wichita mountains for a few years. But there was no possible chance for the Indian to live on large game.

Ducks, geese, plover, curlew, snipe, bobwhite, and prairie chickens were plentiful, and West Cache Creek was teeming with channel cat, blue and yellow cat, and perch; yet I never saw an Indian hunting birds or dangling a hook in the water.

Fish-eating, I was to learn later, was almost taboo. Wallace and Hoebel, doing research for their Comanche history, gained the impression that the Comanches ate fish only to keep from actually starving. They had no objection to white people's fishing in their streams. I fished for miles up and down West Cache Creek, and no one ever objected.

I have often thought if I owned a farm West Cache ran through, I would charge people just to look at the creek. To the eye of a boy, there was nothing so beautiful as the blue-green water running over the slightly reddish-tinted granite sand. There was no quicksand on West Cache. Its sand was so sharp you scarcely sank in it when you walked, nor did you rile the water. Here and there were small beaches of clean sand where the swimmer could enter and leave the water. This cool, clear water came from the Wichita Mountains. Strong, vigorous elms along the high banks furnished shade for the swimmer or fisherman. More than sixty years later, I still feel it was the most beautiful prairie stream I have ever seen.

Too young in those days to realize the cause, I couldn't help but sense the terrible separateness between my Carlisle group and the older men and women. Later I was to realize that government educators of the late nineteenth century, in carrying out their theory of educating young Indians, violated the unwritten bedrock commandment of human behavior: "Thou shalt not speak ill of any man in the presence of his offspring." You must not cut away the support from beneath his feet. You may be able to furnish him another platform, on which he may see fit to step; but he can never step onto your platform if you have first destroyed his footing.

Even the Comanche children's language became taboo at Carlisle. After drilling into the children's minds what terrible people their par-

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

ents were, the teachers continued to accent the differences between the parents' behavior and what would be expected of the children when they left school. Dinning this into the children's ears for a dozen years or so without further plans for the future, the teachers sent them back to these same parents. Pride of parentage, pride of tribe, pride of language had been either destroyed or so badly weakened and eroded that the young Indian had nothing to step from with confidence.

Instead of seeking to make a place for himself, aiding his parents and tribe by using his training and education, the Carlisle Indian moved into his parents' camp. There, without self-respect and certainly with no hope for betterment lying ahead, he contented himself with living on his meager Grass Money and what lease money his allotment brought in, when and if it was rented.

At that time an agriculture lease brought in only $1.25 per acre, or $200 per year. In addition to the $200, the government required the lessee, as further compensation over the first five-year period, to fence the allotment with a four-wire fence with posts every rod, to break out a certain number of acres of sod for crops, to build a fourteen by twenty-eight box house with a shingle roof, and to dig and wall up a well at least forty feet deep, unless plentiful water was found at a lesser depth. Grass leases brought even less.

Land along the streams had been chosen by the Comanches for their allotments, and this gave them a monopoly on water, wood, and bottomland. Those with land along West Cache and Post Oak creeks also had a fine grade of sand to sell. These 160-acre tracts, one for each man, woman, and child living on a certain date in 1901, were the remnant of the millions of acres these Indians' forefathers had roamed over and ruled for many, many centuries.

No one expected the old ones to change their ways so radically as to try to learn to farm. But it was beyond my boyish understanding why the younger Indians fresh from school, some even with college rating, didn't try farming. Many of them had first class sandy-loam bottomland. They could look around them and see white families making a living on their upland farms, putting out orchards, and even adding a room to their houses now and then.

I discovered in time that a number of the old fellows were really going out of their way to be nice to me, and in lost pup fashion I responded. I thought little of it at the time, and took these friendships in my stride. Maybe I thought of them as my due. It wasn't